

Pulled a few weeks of the night shift once as part of a maintenance crew for a mental hospital. That, in and of itself is already creepy. The patients there weren't simply your run of the mill adolescents with depression issues who attempted suicide for attention and got locked up for 3 days or so, some of these people were absolutely psychotic. Normally I did electrical work for various businesses and other places around town with the company I was working for but once we got hired out for this place for a time and my god some of the weirdest stuff EVER happened to me.

At night this place was locked down, like a prison pretty much. For good reason obviously, but there were times where the power would go out and we had to get it back up and running again and I can tell you it is a bad feeling when you're having to trust the light of your torch in pitch darkness in a building mainly full of people who can easily kill you in seconds.

I remember one night in particular when the power went down. I was sitting in the maintenance shop (we had an actual shop because this place was just that big) and out of nowhere the lights just blank right out and I'm in pitch black darkness. I had been sitting by myself in there messing around and waiting for a call on the radio for something that needed fixing.

Out of nowhere my radio starts going off and belching out squelch noises and static even though it was on the correct frequency and I hear a loud crash from the other side of the shop. I'm holding my flashlight in a death grip at this point and I'm about ready to kill the first one who wanted to come at me. This wasn't a place to screw around in. I shine my light in the direction of the crash and a large tool chest (the kind you'd find in a mechanics garage, the big reddish orange chests) is knocked completely over and tools are lying all over the floor. At this point I start hearing a metallic dragging sound across the shop floor and I NOPE ON OUT OF THERE. I could barely even see where the hell I was going but I managed to get to the exit door and I flew out.

Mind you I haven't said a word at this point, and certainly nothing

over my radio, I didn't even take it with me I was in such a hurry to get out of there. I book it to the main building just as another member of the crew managed to reset the breaker and bring the lights back on. Our supervisor and the other members of the team are waiting in a lobby area and I run up to them, apologizing for being late. My boss tells me no biggie he had JUST talked to me over the radio, like moments before I got there.

That was impossible. I didn't bring it with me...and I started freaking out when it started to become clear that I wasn't the only person who was in the shop at that time.

After noping and trying to keep my calm while telling this to my boss at the time, they initiate a security lock down, and send the big goon squad guys over to the shop. The entire place was locked down TIGHT, we couldn't even go back there until it was completely secure. Eventually they come back and find nothing, no evidence anyone else was actually in there and every patient was accounted for in their rooms.

I didn't sleep very well after that, and it wasn't really the only weird thing to ever happen to me there. That tool chest was solid, it couldn't have just fallen over on its own without a very noticeable seismic activity going on, or with someone pushing with a very serious amount of force. When it hit the ground it sounded like the HULK shoved it down a flight of stairs... and they found nothing. I'm honestly never going to forget that anytime soon. That's a feeling that doesn't easily leave you.

On another night I had to work there, a few docs had transferred offices from one side of the facility to the main building. These offices were pretty far out from it and for the first couple hours my shift consisted of nothing else but helping lift and move heavy metal and oak desks to our flat bed and the rest of the crew handled setting them up in their respective offices. About 4 hours in all that stuff had been moved, and I was the last person left over there. I was packing up computers to move because these offices were no longer going to be used, they were built in the mid 70's and were moldy, gross and old. If you know architectural

stereotypes from the time, you should have a good idea of how these buildings looked on the inside aesthetics wise.

The problem I had with them, was that they were CRAMPED, and claustrophobic as hell. I couldn't imagine why someone would design a set of offices like this, getting the desks out was a serious pain on its own, but feeling like you weren't in a sardine can was impossible. The entire place also felt ridiculously out of date from the rest of the entire facility, like it was just stuck in time. The emptiness didn't help that at all either.

As I was packing up the last of the computers into a box and was about to carry it out to my truck and take it to the main building I look over my right shoulder down a brief corridor as I wiped sweat off my brow and I'm staring right at a child no older than six, in a typical patient smock. This made me nearly crap myself for a few reasons. One, I had huge doubts that any children had ever been admitted to this place in the past, two I HAD HUGE DOUBTS THERE EVER WERE CHILDREN HERE. This was a place for the condemned practically, not a place of healing. Another reason this made me almost spoop my pants was that I looked away and looked back and he was briefly still there.

He was about six years old, messy brown hair, greenish eyes. He started laughing at me in a way typical of a horror movie, and then took down a corridor to his left. Like an idiot, I decide to follow him. I'm already freaking that I just saw that, and this location was too far from the main building for any of the patients to have realistically gotten out of without setting off any alarms or security lockdowns. I get to the corridor he took off down and as you'd expect, nothing. I decide to check out the one behind me just in case, and as I got half way down it I came to a set of metal double doors. It was bizarre enough that this hallway seemed more fitting for a preschool, but weirder there even double doors in it. As I got right up to them, and mind you the lights were on, it was well lit and bright in this entire place, the door slams shut HARD, catching my left hand right in it. I felt the flash of pain all the way up to my shoulder and then nothing, my whole arm felt like it went instantly numb after that. I didn't know it at the time,

but that had almost broken every knuckle in my left hand. The door flung back open and smashed the wall so hard the pushbar on it came right off and clanged against the floor and at the end of the corridor I see the kid again, hes standing at the very end of the hall way walks into a different office we had cleared a few pieces of equipment out of earlier and its door slams. It slams so hard the small pane of glass in the window shatters.

Remember, this was all in bright light. No super spoopy grim darkness. I saw all of this shit plain as day and there was no mistaking at all what I had seen. I swear to Christ this actually happened. This was the last event I'd experienced there because after this I abruptly quit the company and started working in a totally different field. I had taken the gig as a cheap summer job while I was college.

I got out of there as quickly as possible, told my boss he could get the rest of the equipment in there himself and quit. I drove to an urgent care place nearby (because like hell I'm going to trust the doctors in a mental ward after I'd just gone on a ramble about a ghost kid or whatever who crushed my hand with a metal door...that wouldn't have gone well), and I found out that I hairline fractured nearly every bone in my hand and cracked two of my knuckles. My ring and index fingers.

I did a bit of researching on the place after that, whilst collecting a bit of workman's comp for my hand (I needed two surgeries on it to get it back into proper working order), and discovered that a lot of child murders who managed to convince a jury of an insanity plea had been locked up there. A few of them made BTK look like a choir boy. That really didn't settle well with me because at the time I was a religious person and this event directly had an effect on my faith. I felt awful that a God could trap a childs soul in a place that awful and force it to relive that horror for eternity, that it just didn't care.

If you can't tell from my posts... I've never really gotten over these incidents.